**One Day, there was a boy named Brett. He was really mad at his teacher when she told him to write a short story by himself. This happened because I was supposedly playing bloxorz. I was happily writing a cool story with my buddy jack about rappers and basketball players with a murder mystery but apparently I wasn’t doing my work. That’s just too bad!**

**This forced me to think of an appealing story to him and other people. I had a hard time thinking of a story. I’m not much of an imaginative person. This just means that I have nothing better to do than sit around and read riddles out of a book and check my grades 50 times in 1 class period.**

**Then something popped into my mind. “I can write about a boy that got in trouble for playing a game on the computer and aside from almost being finished with the story, I had to switch partners.” That again is just too bad. That’s pretty random but it’s a pretty sweet idea.**

**Even though bloxorz would have been a way cooler idea than writing a short story for a Language Arts class, I have to do it. Now I’ve got to start thinking of an idea. Let’s see. Maybe I could write about a kid that can’t think of a story. Wow. That’s actually a decent idea because it relates to me.**

**As I raise my hand I think about what the teacher would think about my idea. “Yes Brett?” Uhmm, can I write a story about a kid that can’t think of a story?” “Wow Brett. That’s actually a pretty cool idea. You might be able to go into some great details with that story. Go ahead. That sounds cool.” “Ok. Thanks Ms. Teacher.”**

**As I write the story I think about why the only thing I can think of is a kid not being able to come up with a story just like me. I feel so unique doing that. As I turn it in, I think to myself, “There’s no way she thought that was good. That’s the worst piece of crap I have ever seen written. Well, at least I finished the stupid thing. That is all I have to say.**